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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

FEBRUARY 12, 1943

NO. 17

JACK WHITNALL REPORTS DORR FIELD ACTIVITIES

We were in exile the past two or three days—over to our Auxiliary Field helping Charlie Ebbets on the pass situation. They certainly have some nice looking gals over that way; the male population? Oh well...

Tom Davis asked us if we knew where Doug Hocker got the name "Hog." Can't say we do, but for your information, ask Captain Povey, Angey M., or Mr. Brinton. Hits a mighty interesting story, believe me. Get one of them to tell you about it sometime.

All the people who were at the Safety meeting wondering just what Mr. Nicodemus was trying to do when he started to sit in the chair and then *changed*? his mind—collect some insurance? (Note to whomever it may concern.) How about those promised cookies and coffee at the next Safety meeting. Never mind the coffee. We just took a vote and a big bowl of soup will suffice. Thanks.

The Army Side

Lt. Webster taking flying with "Hank" Llewellyn as Instructor. We sure want to be on hand when the lieutenant solos, and we hope the pool is good and full of water—well, half full at least?

More promotions this past week. It's Sgt. Clarence Smith to us now, S/Sgt. Jacobi, Cpl. Joseph Myers, and Pfc. J. Thompson. Congratulations to all you fellows.

Welcome to Pvt. George K. Evans from Nashville, Tenn., a new addition to the Army Administration. Sgt. Lambeth, the candid camera fiend, ask Marion, she'll tell you all about it. Let us be "Frank"; we're "Boyd" to death... ain't that lousy?

Airplane Maintenance

Another Tug turned out this past week by Dorr machine shop. This makes Number Two. If you could see the contraption before the machine shop gets hold of it and then see it when they get through with it two of three days later, you could better appreciate just what a really fine job these mechanics turn out, starting with practically nothing.

James Bagley Davis, better known as

"Downwind" has finally admitted that in the year 1941 he won the Charlotte County Ribbon for being the best looking *and* the most popular boy in the Senior Class, the other Contestant being disqualified because his beauty was enhanced by a gold tooth. (Personally we say they made a mistake.)

Mentioning no names, but Mr. Cullers' secretary is wondering when the Cadets at Miami have Open Post, on account of the fellow who used to drive that green V-8 sedan has gone to the Cadet pre-flight school in Miami. We all wish you the best of luck, Walter.

Did you know that absenteeism from vital War effort has increased since Pearl

Harbor, and that in England it is a criminal offense punishable by imprisonment if a very favorable excuse is not forthcoming?

The Short Snorter's Log

Once upon a time there was a certain Dorr Field Instructor who started out in his little "Austin" on a bright "Sumner Knight" with a bit of "Wilkins" in his pocket.

When he stopped to pick some flowers, he stuck a "Thorne" in his "Probasco" which caused him considerable "Payne," but being an Instructor, all he said was oh "Shaw."

About that time along came a "Shepard" who told him to "Turner" around and go back to "Llewellyn" where there was a "Shomaker" who would direct him to the "Brown" castle where the Doctor lived.

Upon arriving at the castle, the Doctor told him he would have to wait until the

Continued on Page 7

FOUR MEN ON A "HOSS"



These top-notch horsemen seem to be at the mercy of our Vice-President in charge of Flying Operations, Leonard J. Povey, second from right. At the extreme left is Nate Reece, Jr., assistant to Mr. Povey; and immediately in front of him, with the inevitable cigar, is H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom Field. In a precarious position on the handlebars is William L. Bullock, Carlstrom's Assistant Manager.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida
H. ROSCOE BRINTON, General Manager

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida
GORDON MOUGEY, General Manager

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Letters to the Editor

Tech School
February 8, 1943

Dear Editor:

Last week's issue of the Fly Paper, with the picture of the school on the front page, was so popular that many of us were unable to get all the copies we wanted.

Would it be possible to run the picture again soon?

Hopefully,
A Techite

Editor's Note: You'll find the picture you want in this week's issue, Techite.

February 9, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have been asked by Mr. Blakeley to write you regarding the Embry-Riddle Division of the Dade County War Chest.

Every department has contributed to this cause in a marvelous fashion. The total amount turned in to date, which is not complete, is \$6,411.16.

Anything you can do in the way of thanking the employees of our Company through the Fly Paper will be greatly appreciated by this department.

Yours very cordially,
W. Bruce Haughton

Editor's Note: We are glad to call attention to Embry-Riddle's splendid response to the Dade County War Chest. If you haven't given your bit, it's not too late.

334th Service Squadron
Army Airport No. 2
Lakeland, Florida
February 2, 1943

Dear Editor,

I am stationed here at Lakeland with two more Embry-Riddle boys. One of them is S/Sgt. Edward Lynch who receives the Fly Paper. I would like to know how I may have one sent to me also.

I was in Class 5-42-A-2 and can say that all that was taught me while I was there has come in very handy. Russell Cook and I were privates when we left there and after spending about three months in Air Depot groups, we were sent into Service groups and were made corporals in two months.

Sgt. Lynch was a corporal and has been made staff sergeant. I know the course is very good and hope every man will take advantage of it.

I hope you will send me the Fly Paper and want to say hello to the "gang" for all of 5-42.

I remain,
Jack Turner

Editor's Note: We have placed your name on our mailing list, Jack, and we'll be glad to send any of the other boys the Fly Paper if they'll just drop us a line. Say hello to Eddie and Russell for us.

12 Greenfield Avenue
Hawthorn
Guiseley
Leeds, England
December 28, 1942

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank you for the copies of the Fly Paper which are arriving regularly. They bring back some very happy memories of 42-H at Carlstrom Field and the wonderful Florida sunshine which we miss very much over here at this time of the year.

The boys of 42-H are now scattered in all parts of England as they continue their training for "ops." Many who were eliminated at Primary are now returning as navigators and bombardiers, so there are great hopes that some of us may be able to get together again as members of the same crew.

Thanks once again for the papers.

Yours sincerely,
Laurence Denby
Sgt. Pilot, RAF

Editor's Note: It's great to know that our brothers from the other hemisphere miss us when they return home. And of course it's always good news to hear that they are receiving the Fly Paper regularly and are enjoying it as much as ever.

Naval Training School
Elementary Electricity
and Radio Materiel
University of Houston
Houston, Texas

Dear Editor,

I have really appreciated receiving the Fly Paper since leaving good old Embry-Riddle. This is to give you my new address. I hope you keep 'em coming.

I am going to school again, only this time I have a uniform on, and I don't have that good old Miami weather.

Yours very truly,
Ted C. Meyer

Editor's Note: You bet we'll keep 'em coming, Ted. The next time you send us a new address, please enclose your old one too.

Letter From A Former Student

"After leaving Embry-Riddle late in October, I spent five weeks at New Orleans and now I am assigned to a service squadron up here at Waycross, Ga. and am working on the line every day.

"I want you to know that my education obtained at Embry-Riddle has put me at a distinct advantage over most of the other boys. We are looking forward real soon to climbing the army's ladder of stripes."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Boultinghouse of the Electrical department from Pvt. John Flanagan who was graduated November 14.

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

The most discouraging ration news of all ration news, as far as your correspondent is concerned, is the one freezing shoes. We



were greatly upset until our better judgment stepped forth and took charge of the situation . . . out came all of the old ones, and off they went to the shoemaker. We are now anxiously awaiting the

verdict as to their fate . . . will they be as good as new or hopelessly beyond repair?

Peter Ordway has even better plans for his shoes. Monday he came bounding into the lobby of the Colonnade with a determined look on his face. Fascinated by his expression, we discovered he was definitely taking his shoes off . . . With shoes in hand he walked into his office with the announcement that he was *not* going to wear his out walking around on those carpets.

Match 'Em Up

We have a very nice line of straight jackets, Mr. Ordway, in various colors, if you are interested . . . Or perhaps you would like to order several to match your socks.

We aren't through with you yet, Mr. Ordway. We are taking Portuguese just so we can understand what you have been singing in said language. It is a lot of trouble to go to just to make our eaves-dropping easier; nevertheless, the song is so intriguing we are determined to learn what it is.

Surf Bound

Tuesday evening a good number of the Embry-Riddle girls went to the Surf Hotel to dance with our boys in the service, and take it from all of the girls who attended, it was fun. We wish more of you Kitty Foyles would join us next time. If you could only realize how much your presence would mean, you wouldn't hesitate one minute.

The first time you might feel it your patriotic duty, but you may be assured that after that you won't want to miss one of the dances . . . and to the boys we met at the Surf—Lee, Butch, Harold and all the rest, we say thanks for what you are doing and if our being present at the dances you give makes the evening more pleasant, then just make room for us—we will be there.

Feather Cut

We are quite upset with our snoopers this week . . . when they are asked for the information they have gathered here and there, they all want to know if we have mentioned the dance at the Surf, or if we have noticed Gertrude Bohres' very "chic" new hair-do . . . it is the new feather cut and every girl in the Personnel department is planning on following her example.

BUT SHE DOES KNOW —

She doesn't know when — she doesn't know where — but she does know who. Yes, Chaufferette Naomi Moore tells us that in the near future she will marry S/Sgt. Jack Krick. We're anxious to hear the details, Naomi, so hurry and decide upon the when and the where.

Backed Out

Helen Bass got as far as cutting the front part but backed out at the last minute. At any rate, she ended up with bangs, mainly because she had no choice . . . they look very cute, Helen, but we still think you are a sissy for not going all the way with the job.

We are not going near Rae Lane or June McGill until they finish those scarfs for "Red" and John. (In case you are not "in the know," those names belong to their young men in the service.) We turn absolutely the color of June's scarf (olive drab,

no less) with envy because we started one and had to give it up as a bad job.

A Good Reason

Our guest columnist for next week will be none other than . . . oops, almost forgot myself . . . she made me promise she could be anonymous. When asked why she preferred anonymity, she answered that she could think of no fate worse than having her identification masterpiece published for the whole world to see. (Our apologies to Charlie Ebbets.)

"POME"

Ghost Written by Vick Mercer

*It's quite apparent (I think you'll agree)
That this as a column is not all it might be.
But the interesting thing that said column
is needing
Are the things as you know you NEVER are
reading.*



IT WASN'T A PRANK
WHEN HE LIT THE TANK
NO! A LIGHTED MATCH
MADE IT CATCH!

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Jimmy Glover, Editor

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Associate

A/C Trenholm, Ken Stiverson, Alva Nelle Taylor, Associates

Frank Haynes, Paul Moore, Photographers

Dear Friends and Friendettes,

Well, here is your newsy-nose hound or rather your nosey news hound from Embry-



Riddle with more tid-bits for this week. Our attention settles in the largest room of the Operations Tower where we find the offices, or should we say desks, of Stage Commanders George Jones

and "Chick" Clark and Chief Flight Dispatcher and Fly Paper Associate Kenny Stiverson.

However, we want to tell you in a personal way about the first mentioned — George Washington "Flywheel" Jones. George spent his earliest years in Red Star, W. Va., a rich coal mining district.

After completing high school training in Miami in 1935, George attended the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, Va., majoring in Mechanical Engineering.

Graduating from this Institute in 1939, he took a post-graduate course in Business at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

Backing up about one or two years, we find our friend starting his flight training while attending V.P.I. in Virginia. His instructor was a classmate.

"Flywheel" fooled around with flying for several months and upon graduating from school obtained his commercial license and instructed in C.P.T. at his old Alma Mater in Blacksburg for a year.

He became connected with the Embry-Riddle Company in June of 1941 as a Flight Instructor at Carlstrom Field near Arcadia. He came to Embry-Riddle Field as Assistant Flight Commander at the inception of this school. Since that time he has been promoted to Flight Commander and now Stage Commander.

We found in our personal interview with George that during his flying experience several small incidents have taken place, but he says that during his flight training he spent about one-half of his time finding himself after getting lost in the West Virginia Mountains.

As to the origin of his nickname, "Flywheel," he pinks a little and says it dates back to his college days and is rather embarrassing, so we don't enclose that story here. Our victim today is one of the most popular and best liked personalities as well as leaders on the Field.

The minutes of the January meeting of the Safety Committee show something of vital interest to all Flight Operations here

and possibly for future use at other Fields.

All members present approved the suggestion which was introduced regarding the installation of a telephone at each auxiliary Field which could be used to contact the Main Field in case of emergency.

A rush in the construction of stage houses was suggested in order to have a place on each Field for storing first-aid equipment, the telephone, and shelter in case of emergency.

The minutes of the Safety Committee meetings of the other Fields for the past month were read and discussed with a view to adopting any new safety measures set forth by the other Bases not in effect at Embry-Riddle Field.

Somethin' Exter Speshul!

Yep! That's exactly right! We plan to begin something in the snoop sheet next week that so far has not been formed in the column. It has been a deep dark secret and we feel it will go over well here, especially since it's a "Who's Who" on this Field.

Many of the personalities mentioned, however, will be those who have previously served at other Fields in the Embry-Riddle set-up; so the column should be good reading for the other Fields too.

So be on the lookout for revealed facts on your co-workers and friends next week. There will probably be a little guessing mixed in too.

A very beneficial party was held at the Pilot's Club on the President's Birthday for the Paralysis Drive. Several changes have taken place at the club with the addition of new lounge equipment.

Well, pals, I gotta go; so in closing, I'm looking out my window and seeing another group of Eaglets coming in to replace the



Snowball Fight. Seen often around here

graduating class out on schedule. Another forward step in the move to "Keep 'em Flying"!

Bye now!

A-C KEMPNER NEWSHOUNDS

We had never given it any thought before, but in view of recent happenings at this Flyin' Machine Field, we are firmly convinced that all, or nearly all, Air Corps officers carry a pocket full of insignia around with them.

At the first rumor of promotion, they pick out the proper bar or whatever it happens to be and walk around with their hand nonchalantly up to their collars; and when the rumor becomes a fact, presto, their hands move swiftly away leaving the new to replace the old. It actually happened here, Doc.

The only solution to this problem of promotion is to have an insignia whereby with a twist of the wrist it can be changed from 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt., etc. This would save the officer concerned a lot of U.S.A. dollars besides taking a big weight off this pocket.

MAN OF THE WEEK



George W. Jones, Stage Commander

We are going to get to work on the idea, and if we have any luck, we will let you know.

Could it be that there is just a little good humored rivalry between Carlstrom and Dorr? There are quite a few former Carlstromites here. "Boots" Frantz, Charlie Sullivan, Ray Ryan, John Brannon, "Chick" Clark, "Flywheel" Jones, Bob Boyles, Hunter Galloway, Larry Walden, Ken Stiverson, and a host of others.

Go to it, boys. We are thinking seriously here of sending a few of our refreshers down there to give an exhibition of flying some of these days.

Things We Have Got Used To:

John Church, 1st Lt., flying all day and all nite too.

Charlie Sullivan's acrobatics.

Augie Miller blushing when anyone mentions his rosy cheeks.

Ed Straight and Hunter Galloway's swapping ideas on how to make biscuits.

Boatwright's weekly inspection of Operations.

Myra Taylor and Renna Joyner always giggling over some secret of their own.

We went into the Canteen the other day and hardly knew the place. Leather upholstered seats and a whole raft of new tables and chairs. Looks like the lounge of a country club. Ping pong games going full blast.

NO CHARGE

The Embry-Riddle Fly Paper is a non-commercial publication distributed free of charge by the Embry-Riddle Co.

If you would like to have us send the Fly Paper to your family and friends, drop us a note including their names and addresses.

His real trial comes on the student's solo day. His main worry is "Will the student remember, will he set the plane down safely?" Just any landing is not good enough. It must be a good one.

Phew!!

Once the solo is over, the Instructor breathes a little easier. From here on, it will be a matter of teaching acrobatics and making periodic checks to see whether his pupil is progressing satisfactorily.

What sort of man usually goes to make up an Instructor? Well, let's take a look. Here's a group of about fifteen. Any fifteen will do.

We find that five of them are married, that their average age is about 25-27 years, and that physically they are all apt and fit. Their stature may vary, and height is something of a psychological factor. A tall Instructor will get tall students, a small one—short ones.

All of them, with an exception or so, are graduates of CPTC. Their aggregated flying hours total high in the thousands. Some have seen foreign service, some wish that they might. All have been flying for a number of years.

These men are keen and intelligent and excellent fliers, chosen for their ability to fly and to teach others to do so. They are quick, sharp analysts who easily eliminate faults which they even more easily discover.

Only very rarely do they use a sharp tongue, since they realize their students are constantly on edge trying to make good. They are a patient lot whose nonchalant voices and properly timed and placed corrections have turned many a Cadet from bad mistakes to proper flying.

Their part in this War is great. Upon them rests the responsibility of turning out Eagles who will clear the skies and set the Rising Sun.

Instructors are due much credit. We should pause to think of them too, when reading of the exploits of Colin Kelly in battle.

CORPORAL: I'd like to get leave, Sir.

CAPTAIN: What for?

CORPORAL: Well, I'm getting married, Sir, and I'd like to be there.

GROOMING THE EAGLE

The life of a school teacher is no bed of roses when it comes to keeping an eye on dozens of young people and trying to cram some knowledge into their active, curious and impulsive minds.

Can you imagine what the life of an Army Air Forces Flying Instructor must be like?

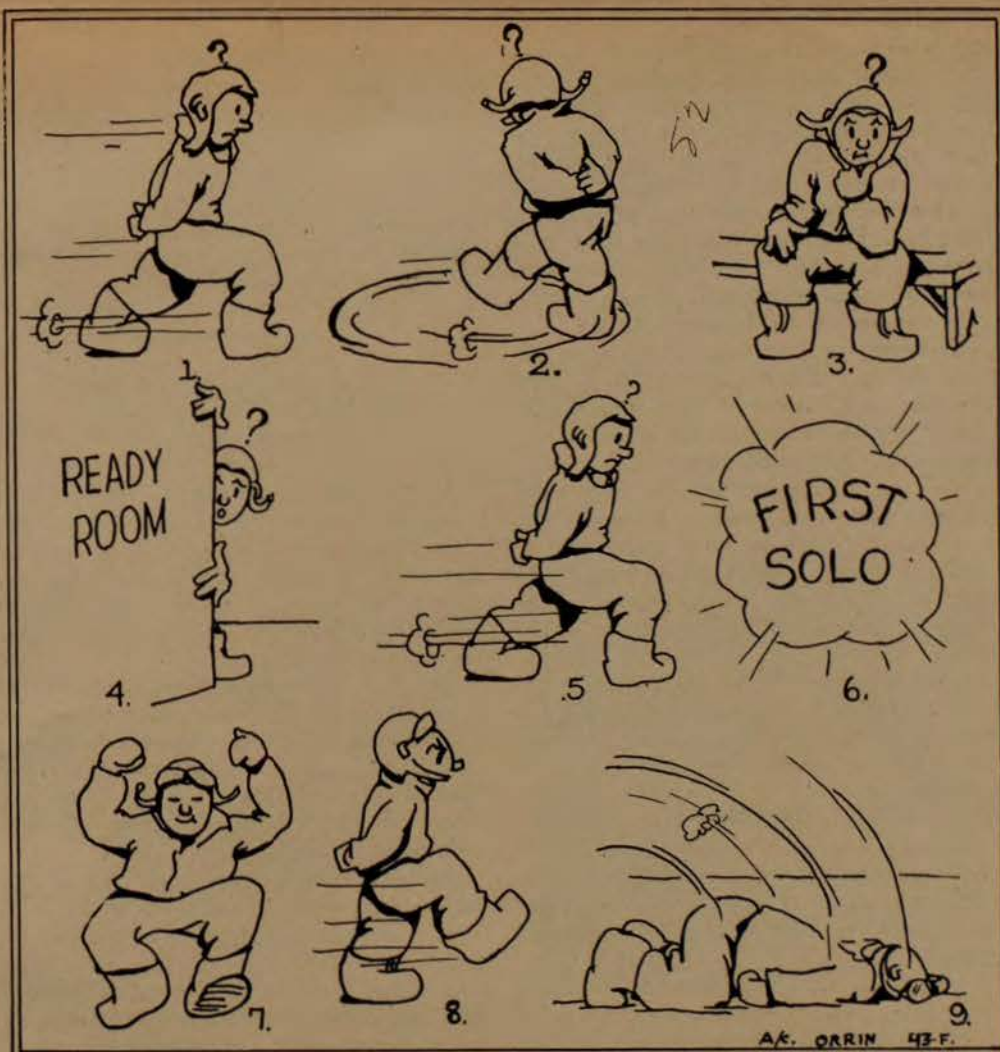
The differences lie in the type of teaching they do and the eagerness of the pupils. Basically, they have the same problems with which to contend, but in more concentrated form.

It is the very important duty, first of all, for the Instructor to eliminate any complexes, such as fear and inferiority. This is done by devious and assorted methods.

Confidence

Individuals not being the same, each requires a different method of handling. For example, confidence in the plane he is flying is instilled in the student when the Instructor demonstrates that the plane will fly straight and level, even though neither he nor the student has a hand or foot on the controls.

Next, the Instructor actually begins his teaching. This is his real job and it's not easy. Firstly, because he must be completely alert at all times while the ship is in motion, and, secondly, because he must at the same time keep talking to his student and bring out a point here or there that eventually will make his student a flier.



CARLSTROM OVERHAUL DEPT. MAKES DEBUT IN FLY PAPER

by Bleeka Kistler

Because this is the first appearance of any news from the Carlstrom Overhaul department—besides being my first attempt at conducting a column—I feel I should give a brief history and general description of our work for the benefit of those not familiar with it.



For me, it is certainly a great pleasure to have the opportunity to tell you Fly Paper readers about our Overhaul department.

When I realize how we first started this department last April, I have a wonderful feeling of pride, for we really have come a long way since then.

At first we were rather handicapped due to lack of material and equipment, and, of course, we people of Arcadia knew nothing of the overhaul of aircraft. But under capable and learned men, we soon had an airplane completed.

"Too Loose"

Oh dear, we had a time getting that fabric on those wings and control surfaces as tight as required and every seam properly located and stitched. We often became discouraged when the inspector bluntly said, "too loose," because we then had to take it off and try it again and again until that "old inspector" would finally pass it.

But we didn't give up, although I have an idea that the men who were teaching us often hoped we would—I know they must have had a terrible time. The only department in which we worked women at that time was the Fabric department.

However, as time went on, women became the dominating figures in our Doping and Taping department. This was equally as hard to learn as was the Masking and Stenciling, which came later.

Now the Woodwork, with all those complicated parts that have to be just right, was probably the hardest to master.

The Fuselage Repair department introduced to us a totally different phase of our work—it proved to be one hundred per cent mechanical.

Then the Sheet Metal department, with its chattering rivet guns and mysterious tools. A far cry from the kitchen stove and the only aluminum we believed to exist—pots and pans.

Lone Man

I believe we only had one man in this department at that time, and he soon became the head of a large group of women metal workers. Each had to be taught this trade by him.

Next came the Final Assembly of the component parts to the fuselage. We wondered if they would ever get them put to-

gether so they would fly. But as time went on, the plane began to take shape and then one day, there in front of the hangar, our first silver ship stood completed.

Of course we were very anxious to see if it *would* fly, so breathlessly we watched the test-pilot take off. When he returned and said it was o.k., we were overjoyed and relieved.

Women Workers

When Uncle Sam called our men, we replaced them as much as possible with women. Now we have women mechanics, dopers, sheet metal workers and cable splicers. At this time, we have one Spray Room operated by women alone.

When we look out on the line and see those beautiful silver ships, we think we have done a splendid job and are proud to say that over two hundred airplanes have been completely overhauled, recovered and refinished since the start last April.

In addition, we have repaired and recovered hundreds of wings, ailerons, stabilizers, elevators and rudders to build up a reserve of new replacements for the Supply.

While we all worked with the greatest possible effort to attain an outstanding record of workmanship and safety, we must give due credit to a most efficient Inspection department, Superintendent and General Foreman.

I have given you a general outline of the work we do here as I have seen it since Overhaul began. In future articles, I hope to keep you posted on the ever increasing progress we are making and to give an intimate account of the work performed by each of our many departments.

MAJOR HART

by Wilda Smithson

If Friday the 5th had been dated the 13th it would have been most appropriate, because the transfer of Major William A. Hart can only come under the heading of misfortune for those of us who have known and worked with him during the two years he spent at Carlstrom.

One of the "original settlers," Major Hart, then 1st Lt., was assigned to the Field shortly after it was opened, in March, 1941. His first, last, and principal duty, was that of Adjutant, but in addition, he held many other titles, including that of Commandant of Cadets.

His efficiency and thorough understanding of every phase of the training program here will be sorely missed at Army headquarters.

Not only that, but the Carlstrom Officers' Bowling Team has suffered a staggering blow in losing him, since he was the only

one of those rather—shall we say—erratic bowlers who could be depended on to maintain his average at their weekly sessions.

The Physical Training department gives all the odds to the enlisted men, too, in the Touch football games, now that the officers no longer have the Major's brilliant pigskin strategy on their side.

Besides the personnel at the Field, their many friends in Arcadia feel a sense of loss at Bill and Claudine's leaving. The transfer is to the newly activated basic school out in Arkansas, and they left Friday, adequately protected by that intrepid little Cocker, "Lady."

So Carlstrom's loss of one of the best officers we have ever had, and Arcadia's loss of a couple of swell people is Newport's gain—and a host of the sincerest best wishes accompany our "Arkansas Travelers."

KADET KAPERS

by Norma Tucker

Even though examinations were scheduled for the next day, it did not keep the Upper Classmen from attending the dance given Thursday night at Carlstrom Field. The dance was held out under the blue sky and a myriad of stars—a perfect lighting effect.

Strains of well-known orchestra leaders, among them Guy Lombardo, Harry James, Glenn Miller, and Eddy Duchin, with their own renditions of popular tunes such as, "I Had the Craziest Dream," "I Cried For You," "Juke Box Saturday Night," "That's Sabotage," and lots of others helped make the dance the success that it was.

Red heads, blondes, and brunettes, waltzers, rug-cutters, and jitter bugs—one could have his pick for they were all there; but let's mention some names to prove our statement.

Among the lassies dancing were Kay Bramlitt (red head), Edna Poston (blonde), Statia Dozier (brunette), Jackie Livingston (rug cutter), Lydia Sammon (jitterbugger), and Roberta Dudley (waltzer).

That's an example of each, but there were many more—Nellie LaMarr, Katherine Garner, Katherine Jones, Estelle Webb, Kath-



Jack Whitnall contributes this masterpiece of A/C Moore and Mrs. Moore, taken at Carlstrom in 1918

erine Sandusky, Marie Farwell, and Marian Crosby. Sorry, girls, that we didn't get all your names, but we know you were there to do your part in showing the Cadets a good time.

The people's "cherce," Pat McGill, formerly a professional dancer, "Rocky" Rosenkrants, Dave Parker, George R. Patzer, John Bolen, D. A. Temm, Herman Eisensthat, O. A. Jessy, John Bolen, Frank Schump, "Jiggs" McDonald, "Alyosius" Summers, LeRoy Brown and Harold Simmons are only a few of the Cadets we mention who were in attendance.

Oh yes, Bokina, the flying hazard, who drops JT's from 40 feet, did a lot better with his landing at the dance. Cadet "Confined" Mulhen and his wife from the Palm Beaches, Cadet Ken Neurt and his better half were others seen having an enjoyable evening.

The Wing Staff turned out en masse. Possibly they believe the old saying that it does not pay to cram for examinations. Cadet Captain Kelly, commanding Squadron "A," and Konarski, second in command, were there to see and be seen.

There was a long stag line, come on you fellows, don't be bashful. You don't have to be introduced before cutting in on that "cutie" you have been watching for the last 25 minutes.

That's why these dances are given, to make you better acquainted with the "belles" of Arcadia. Remember this the next time a dance is given, and you girls from Arcadia come on out and join us.

If any of you have any suggestions as to how these dances can be improved, see Kay Bramlitt at headquarters and she will see that it is arranged. We have a suggestion to make—that we be served refreshments, even though it may be only "cokes."

If any of you know of someone who could give a specialty act, or call a few "mixer" dances, let Kay know. We shall expect to hear from you, so until the next dance, bye, bye.

EX-ADJUTANT FLIES

Capt. John C. Pinkerton, who was Adjutant of this Post at its activation in 1941 and for fifteen months thereafter, gave up his coveted job to try the flying end of the game.

After the prescribed course at Pre-Flight, where he shed some of the excesses of a more complacent existence, John C., as he is familiarly referred to, returned to his old stamping grounds here at Dorr Field.

He has just graduated with the departing class, after an enviable record here and is on his way to Basic at Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C. Good luck from Dorr Field, John C.



"Riddle Houses" in Arcadia's Villa Rica Park

SATAN AND HITLER

by A/C A. H. Mansfield

"Hello," she heard old Hiler say,
"Is old man Satan home?
Just tell him this is Adolf
That wants him on the phone."

The devil said hello to "Hit"
And "Hit" said, "How are you?
I'm running a hell right here on earth,
So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the devil said,
"My dear old Adolf Hitler,
If there's a thing that I can do
Why don't you just name it."

Then Hitler said, "Now listen and I will
try to tell
The way that I am running on earth a
modern hell."

"I've planned for this for many years
Just like old Kaiser Bill
And with the help of Benny
We chased the Greeks over the hill."

"My army went thro' Europe,
Shooting women and children down.
We tore up all the country
And blew up many a town."

"That's why I called you, Satan.
For I want advice from you.
I know that you can tell me
What move ought I to do?"

"My dear old Adolf Hitler,
There's not much for me to tell,
For the Yanks will make it hotter
Than I can for you in hell."

"I've been a mean old devil
But not as mean as you,
And the minute that you get here,
I will give my job to you."

"I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires bright
And I'll have your room all ready
When the Yanks begin to fight."

"For the Americans will get you,
I have nothing more to tell.
Hang up the phone and get your hat
And meet me here in hell."

Apology

This article is not original. It is the feeling of every Dorr Field Cadet put into simple writing.

DORR

Continued from Page 1

nurse came. In the meantime the Doctor went down the long "Hall" to "Fecher."

On the way he met the "Waterman" who said she had gone down to the "Stone" house to help the "Miller" wash his "Lunnen."

The Doctor, being very aggravated, got into his "Brann" new "Hudson" and drove down to the "Stone" house located in a "Littleton" called "Ellis." He was driving very fast and "Lebrake" was no good; so he hit a cow and ran over a "Drake" which were crossing the road. He threw the "Drake" in a nearby "Krell" and drove on.

Passing his mother's house, he decided to stop, and she said, "I'm 'Gladson' to see-er. You came just in time to 'Miehlke' the cow." the Doctor said for the "Sander" to "Miehlke" the cow; but the "Sander" was down at the "Osterdock" where he "Diggs" for clams.

On the way he passed a sign which he stopped to "Read." The sign said "This Way to 'Pikes' Peak." While trying to make up his mind which way to go, he saw a "Tygard" run across the road.

Pulling out his shooting iron, he shot the "Tygard" which fell in the road and "Lay" there deader than a "Roach." But before he had killed the "Tygard" it had bitten him on the "Probasco" and raised a "Welton" his back.

While the Doctor was putting some salve on his back, he was debating "Wudtke" or "Wudentke" kill another "Sharkey." Just then the gal in the little "Austin" drove up and says, "Never mind, I'll 'Cheatham' and do it myself." The Doctor said, "Oh—to 'Herrara' with all this."

Thoughts —

1. Box tops and Pearson.
2. Strawfoot Hoffman.
3. Rice's and Phillips' dates.
4. Salmon's and Opal.

Congrats to Major Boyd for his splendid performance the other evening.

A certain Cadet has found it doesn't pay to eat two breakfasts, especially if one has to be eaten during athletics.



Betty Stephens, a member of Dorr Field's Materiel Control

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"



Drawn by Bill Bruce, brother of Betty Bruce, Priorities Assistant

AKRON BOUND

by William Lehman

The December afternoon Mr. Estler asked me if I would go to Akron for the Aircraft department, I was so surprised I couldn't even say, "Sure!" for at least a minute.

Talking to the service men on the train . . . all seemed either to be going to or coming from some type of training school. A soldier from the B17 school . . . not at Boeing in Seattle but at Lockheed in California . . . a sergeant on his way to the Bofors school at the Firestone Plant.

A sailor from the Pacific combat zone on his way to Electrician school in Washington—a pair of soldiers on their way back to the home field from the General Electric School on Super Chargers . . . as one soldier put it, "It's that kind of a War—every guy a specialist." . . . getting off the train at Akron and seeing my first snow.

Cooperation

The Fuel Cell Repair School, once the location of Ohio's largest gambling establishment. The school jointly run by Goodyear, Goodrich and Firestone and you could never tell by the way they worked together that they were competitors a few months back. There were two Instructors from each company.

The other students . . . soldiers . . . sailors . . . civil service employees from the Air Depots.

The pleasure of finding Tom Adamo, Class 4-43E, among the soldiers—he said he surely wished he was back in Miami.

Talking to the other soldiers . . . they were there from all over the country and every one saying he had heard of Embry-Riddle—our ex-students must be good advertisers.

Heard About Us

When the soldiers heard me say I was from Embry-Riddle, they usually asked, "Isn't that the place where they put the P39 together out of part scraps?"

Going through the Goodyear Plant and watching the construction of fuel cells . . . women in the majority in every department except the curing furnaces . . . learning about Neoprene, Thiokol, Buna N, Buna S, and Royalin.

Hearing how there were six different companies each making a different type of tank with each tank having its own method of repair. Then the Army and Navy got together last summer and told all the companies that beginning September 1, 1942, they wanted one tank with one method of repair and that since all the companies have made a Universal tank greatly simplifying maintenance in the field.

Making simple patches, corner patches, seam repairs, blister repairs, fitting repairs, and slug repairs. Buffing the repair with emery paper until your hands were sore and the Instructor would say, "Not quite buffed enough—buff more before applying patch."

TECH TALK

by "The Slave"

Since Jack Clark skipped out on us this week and failed to leave the Tech Talk copy behind, the sixth floor is relegating him to the "dog house" and offering our readers a very brief resume of happenings on the home front.

The most important news of the week, we think, concerns Lynne Fox, whose efficient operation of the Tech School Cafeteria has been rewarded justly with a good sized "splash" in the February issue of the *Woman's Home Companion*.

This Modern World

Horses to automobiles to bicycles—so the vehicular world has moved. Call it progress or whatever you like. We have our own name for it and so, we'll bet, has Reba Shepard. In a fall from her two-wheeled conveyance some time ago, she injured her coccyx and is doing her work now from the feathered height of a nice soft pillow.

Warnings from Reba to Bob and Marion Colburn, who bought themselves a couple of snappy new bikes, we wonder where, and christened them with a jaunt to the Seaplane Base.

One of our most recent and welcome visitors was Tommy Conway, formerly of Engine Change, who came out to the School the other day to model his six-months-old Navy blue.

Stripes are significant, we've always heard—especially when they're located on the backs of kitten-like animals. But Betty

Harrington, whose mama hadn't told her, petted and cuddled a couple of baby skunks which she found roaming around her neighborhood the other evening.

No, the worse *didn't* happen. Mama spied Betty and *did* tell her. For that, let us of the sixth floor offer a silent prayer.

In closing we want to say "Welcome" to Polly Fowler, our new runner, and "It's swell to have you back" to Rosemary Younis, who was granted a two-weeks' leave of absence because of the illness of her mother.

Nothing further—and this is a personal to Jack Clark . . . well, on second thought, guess we'd better say it in person . . . slander is less serious than libel.

The many employees of Tech School who remember Ve Button, formerly employed in the Purchasing department, would like to take this means of expressing their deepest sympathy for the passing of her father.

PLEASE RETURN

A Spanish Text Book has been lost at the Tech School. Should you find it, please return it to Tom Davies, Sales department, Front office. The book is valuable to the owner and cannot be replaced.

Finishing the last of the 96 hours—completing the examination.

The train back to Miami—and was that train crowded! Seeing the gang back at school again—it's a darn good school to get back to, especially from Ohio in January.

LIBRARY NOTES

by Dorothy Burton

The Sheet Metal department's quest for knowledge is definitely reaching the intelligentsia stage.

Their requests for the spelling of "demurrage" and the definition of the "Empirical Formula" are a far different cry from the early days when they were content with simple knowledge and asked for nothing more breath-taking than data on gauges, can an angle be trisected, information on soldering, and is zinc chloride an acid?

Can it be the new trainees who become Instructors are men and women of wide general learning and that the coming together of lawyer, doctor, poet, scientist and housewife is making Instructors more on the qui vive than in the old days when they all spoke the same language—aviation—and anything outside that field was never mentioned?

Best Customers

Our neighbors in Aircraft, finding the Library so convenient, are asking for more books and reference work than all the rest of the school put together. We are glad to have them use the Library so assiduously, and their pleas for *all* the books we have on radial engines is met by an effort on our part to give them *all* the books we have on radial engines.

Occasionally their requests are too technical and must be referred to experts, as happened when we were asked for the "E 4 gear box on front of the P-39." But usually we can supply the demand as in the following cases: "You will find Dow metal in Titterton's *Aircraft Materials and Processes*."

"Yes" and "No"

"Yes, we have the CAA Bulletin on Aerodynamics and will be glad to lend it to you." "A physics book will tell you how candle-power is determined or measured. We have a number of good ones." "No, we haven't much on the Goodyear multiple disc brakes. There are ten pages in Colvin's *Aircraft Handbook*, which is the most we can offer. Tech orders would be the best source of all."

"Yes, you will find the maximum density of water in the physics collection. Oh, you want it in Fahrenheit not Centigrade as it is given there? Well, here are conversion tables."

Now two of them argue about the "periphery" and the "perimeter," but good old Webster, whom they all admire and covet, reduces them to quiet, each feeling secretly that he was right after all. Another wanted heating systems at the same time his col-

VICTORY BOOKS

Wouldn't you part with your last shirt if it meant the difference between Victory and Defeat? Of course you would—and so would every true American.

Well, how's about parting with your favorite book to help make "days in the Army" more pleasant for our boys who are giving more than a mere shirt?

Thirteen books have been contributed to date, and the donors, in order of their "coming across," are:

Name	No. of Books
Vadah Thomas	1
David Harlan	3
Wain Fletcher	1
Agnita Mullen	1
Dorothy Burton	1
Grover Gish	1
Margaret Walker	1
James Patterson	1
Joseph Gintzler	1
Jo Skinner	1
John Riley	1

league wanted anti-icer data and again both found satisfaction.

A librarian was once asked pointblank, "What do you get out of all this?" She couldn't convey to her inquirer the intangible delight gained by working under the motto of the profession "Give Service." The pleasure of the person whose question is answered is all the thanks the librarian wants.

Nor by any means are all of our patrons concerned with the technical and scientific. We do have a lot of human interest questions which we answer to the best of our ability. Such as, "How can you take the squeak out of shoes?" from a soldier who was wearing a really raucous pair.

"Is there a verb 'to burke'?" "What is a liaison pilot?" "What can I study for a OCS exam other than current events in the newspapers and magazines?" "I want something complete on Florida snakes." "Do you have a cook book? My girl wants me to learn."

Not So Simple

When the Coliseum calls, we know we aren't faced with any simple problem. They never ask for anything less than "Voltage regulators, current limitators, and generator control panels," and at the same time would we furnish them with films for their projectors? Or even more specifically, data on the "Carbon-pile voltage regulator" to make it more frightening. Or "not *what* the thermocouple is but *why* it is."

We need a doctor's shingle to hang on our door to answer some of these requests for books on anatomy, the thyroid, and ringworm.

But it's all in the day's work, and even if we do look severe, we think it's a lot of fun!

It was before the war, and they were flying over the Bay of Naples.

Passenger: "I often have heard that old saying, 'See Naples and die'."

Pilot: "Well, take a good luck. The propeller just came off!"

THE TECH SCHOOL



Republished by Popular Request

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Janet Silverglade

We might have called this week's bowling night an attempt to supply substantial substitutes to subvert the superiority of the supreme; in other words, there were quite a few newcomers who threaten to dethrone the established "high men" of our league.



Lou Gerloch, who made his debut with the Aircraft team, rolled 202, while Andy Godfrey, joining the Purchasing team, rolled a very neat 213 and was closely followed by McGriff, rolling for the Chapman varsity, with 211 maples to his credit.

Trying to keep up the good record of the "old bowlers" was Charlie Shepherd. He made his bid to fame this week by rolling 216, and that spells *wonderful* in any bowler's vocabulary. Theron Redish was in there too and pulled 202 pins for himself, while Dave Thomas went him 9 better for a total of 211.

"Superman"

Congrats to the "superman" Administration team, who have dropped a total of *no* games and remain the only undefeated team in the entire league.

Gene Bryan gave us a break this week and crowded our bowling night into her busy schedule. She pulled down fourth place in the Independent League for herself too. Keep after them, Gene!

Catherine Dick rolled herself into a tie for first place with Jerry Goff this week—and from here on in, it is anybody's war.

The past Sunday, much to the pleasure and surprise of everyone, an informal tennis round-robin took place. It happened because of the keen interest that was shown in tennis on that Sabbath day and because the Tech School has only two courts and lots of enthusiasts.

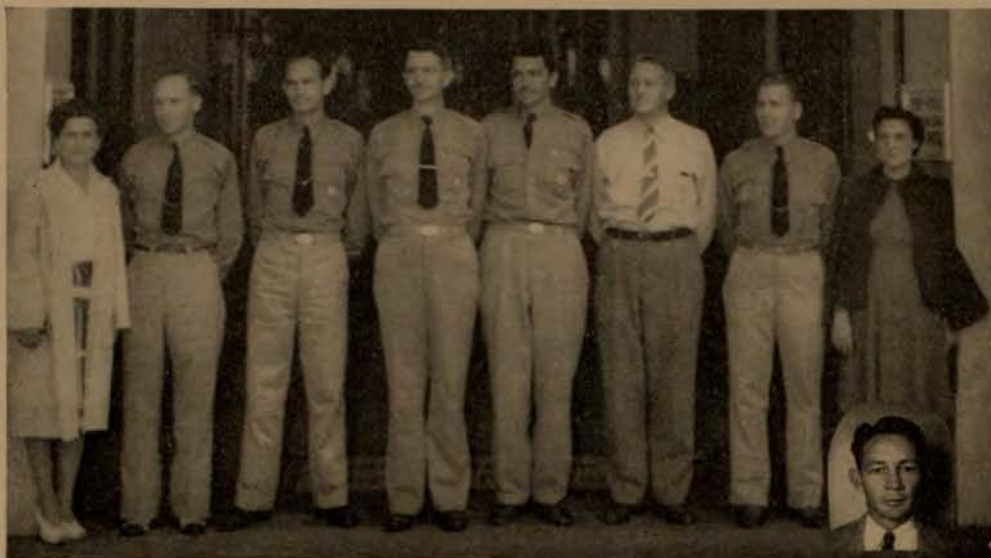
Come On Out!

More of you should join the ranks of our tennis set and insure yourselves of an eventful Sunday in the good old sunshine. There are even some rackets available for your convenience in the Athletic office. So come on out next Sunday—and this is your chance too, Mr. Brooks!

Well, I have good news for our badminton fans. Lloyd Budge is now completing arrangements to renew our badminton group and add to it; so it will not be long before we get that started again.

In the meantime, do not get excited, run to the nearest exit, or faint from shock if you see someone waving his or her arm madly through the air. Probably he is just limbering up that old badminton arm!

INSTRUCTORS SCHOOL PERSONNEL



Two women and seven men comprise the group which undertakes the job of turning out top-notch instructors for Embry-Riddle classes. Left to right are: Ella B. Ellis, Teacher Technique and Public Speaking; Harry J. LeRoy, Aircraft Primary Structures and Theory of Flight; Zed Aydelott, Mathematics and Physics; Willard Rodney Burton, Chief Instructor; Howard West, Electricity; Robert John Hanners, Engine Shop; Robert E. Hunt, Aircraft Shop; Flora Ganzenmueller, Secretary; and (insert) Donald Grubbs, Air Corps Basic and Engine Theory.

RIDDLE REGULARS

by Lloyd Budge

The Embry-Riddle basketball varsity came through in a thrilling victory over the improved Merrill-Stevens team. This contest was the third straight league game win for our Tech School boys.



Leo DeWitz, stellar guard, found the hoop twice in the first quarter, and our boys jumped into a 9-2 lead

in the first period of the game.

The Merrill-Stevens outfit came back in that second period by dint of long range field goals on the part of Rosen, their star center, and Fink, a fast breaking guard, to take the lead 14-13.

The second half was a different story, with captain Jim Prine scoring 5 field goals and Carl Grim, deadeye forward, accounting for 5 points.

Embry-Riddle took the lead by a margin of 20-16 at the end of the third quarter and finished the game in front by a score of 31-27.

Rosen, for the losers, was the shooting star of the game and accounted for 19 of his team's 27 points. However, the all around floor work and valuable play both on offense and defense made captain Jim Prine of Embry-Riddle about as valuable as anybody on the floor.

Besides scoring 12 points, Jim got almost every ball off the backboard. Irving Gerber and Ted Verinsky played a bang-up floor game for our team and worked the

ball into scoring position time after time.

Yesterday the Embry-Riddle boys played Intercontinent at 9:30 p.m. in the Miami High gym, but we'll tell you the outcome next week.

On February 18th at 8:30 p.m., they play the undefeated Eastern Airliners in a game that promises to be the league thriller between the two top standing teams. The box score follows:

Embry-Riddle—31

Players	fg.	ft.	pt.	tp.
Grim	3	2	1	8
Kesel	1	0	1	2
Gerber	0	1	1	1
Prine	6	0	1	12
Verinsky	1	0	2	2
DeWitz	3	0	0	6

Totals — 14 3 6 31

Merrill-Stevens—27

Players	fg.	ft.	pt.	tp.
Ballinger	1	0	3	2
Mooy	0	0	0	0
Kosen	7	5	1	19
Fink	3	0	2	6
Mills	0	0	2	0

Total — 11 5 8 27

Tennis Play

The Embry-Riddle tennis courts, in back of the Tech School, have been the scene of some fine Sunday tennis. Last Sunday there were enough players present to play informal round-robin doubles. George Wheeler and Lloyd Budge came through undefeated to take first place.

Second place was decided in favor of a couple of our trainees, James Knight

and Warren Stanwood. They squeezed through to a well earned victory over Buzz Carpenter and his hard hitting partner, Peter Ordway.

There was some rumor of Carpenter's shoulder being tired in this contest, but we have not received a final check-up on that as yet.

Stanwood has played tournament tennis in the East and has a well rounded game. He has a fine serve, a good forehand drive, and considerable ability to volley the ball away at the net.

His partner specialized in difficult retrieves and ran down balls from every conceivable angle. Both boys are members of the Thursday afternoon tennis classes that are conducted for the soldiers by Lloyd Budge.

The Aircraft department was represented by Jack Mata and Mel Goecke. In the bowling league, Mel captains his team and acts as their coach; but on the tennis courts, his bowling teammate, Jack, took over the helm and made most of the tough shots.

The Sunday get-togethers usually start about 11 a.m. Everybody is welcome, and there are even a few extra rackets available. It is hoped that a few more participants will find their way out each Sunday and make use of our courts.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH

Audels New Radiomans Guide, 1942.
Audels Welders Guide, 1940.
Hawkins Electrical Guides, Vol. 2-10.
Welding Handbook, 1942,
by the American Welding Society.
World Almanac and Book of Facts, 1943.
Audels Handy Book of Practical
Electricity, 1942.
Audels Engineers and Mechanics Guide,
Vol. 4 (Engines), 1939.
Aircraft Hydraulic Systems, 1940,
by McDonnough.
Audels New Electric Library, Vol. 1-11,
1938.
Mathematics for the Million, By Hogben.
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary,
A. Merriam Webster.
Ambassadors in White, by C. M. Wilson.
Radio Navigation for Pilots,
by C. H. McIntosh.
Vacuum Tube Voltmeters, by Rider.
Parachutes, by J. F. Smith.
Aircraft Hardware and Material,
by U. S. War Dept.
The Man Behind the Flight,
by Assen Jordanoff.

GENERAL ORDERS

Robert A. Hillstead, Comptroller, Clarence R. Ayers, who has been in charge of the Accounting department for the past several months for the purpose of installing new forms and procedures, and Harry Roberts, Auditor, will report directly to George Wheeler, Vice-President.

Mr. Hillstead, in addition to his present duties, will be in complete charge of the Accounting department, while Mr. Ayers will organize a department of Budget and Statistics.

P. P.'s vs. CLASS 2-43-C

The Tech School Permanent Party team had to come from behind in the last inning to down a fighting Class 2-43-C team, 11-10, in their opening game of the Embry-Riddle Softball Elimination Tournament.

After a nip and tuck battle all the way, the P.P.'s went into the last inning on the short end of a 10-9 count. Tying the score on three consecutive hits by Graziano, McCarthy and Trapper, and with two on and two down, Levoy drove a line drive into right field to score the winning run.

Featuring the game for the P.P.'s was Santman's home run in the 5th to break a 6-6 deadlock, and the hitting of Graziano and McCarthy who each collected four hits.

For Class 2-43-C the hitting attack was lead by Leshinski, Krout and the pitcher, Gudermuth.

Line-ups

P.P.'s		Class 2-43-C	
Pfc. Velez	2b	Pvt. Tennity	ss
Lt. Wells	1b	Pvt. Evans	r
Pfc. Santman	c	Pvt. Wilczenski	cf
Sgt. Gunter	p	Pvt. Webber	3b
T/Sgt. Graziano	ss	Pvt. Lines	1b
Pvt. McCarthy	cf	Pvt. Middleton	1b
Pvt. Hacking	rf	Pvt. Gibson	lf
Pfc. Killen	lf	Pvt. Leshinski	2b
Pvt. Trapper	3b	Pvt. Powers	rf
Pvt. Winget	3b	Pvt. Krout	c
S/Sgt. Levoy	r	Pvt. Gudermuth	p

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
P.P.'s	2	0	0	4	3	0	2	11	17	4
2-43-C	0	4	0	2	0	3	1	10	9	4

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

I told you a few weeks ago that Lucille Winchester had been accepted by the SPARS. Well, Lucille leaves Wednesday for Stillwater, Okla., where she will attend the A. and M. University for a period of four months.

She will study to be a Radio Technician and at the end of the training she will be a Lt. (j.g.). Where she will go from there is not yet known.

In parting, Lucille wants to say to all whom she has known: "I know that I'll miss everyone. It is an honor to have been part of this wonderful organization."

Lucille wants the Fly Paper and has promised to write us upon her arrival telling us where to send it.

The nicest things happen in the Materiel Control department. We have a new Card Club member, Mary Neely, and I say, boys and gals, she is really a bit of all right.

But whoa! now. She is married and her husband is taking one of our courses at the Tech School. Nevertheless, she is a very charming person, and we are happy to welcome her into our circle.

I must give our Purchasing department a break, since they are our neighbors and a very nice group of lads and lassies.

Carolyn Bruce hits the front page this week. Without any warning she tells she is off to Seattle, Wash., to join her husband to be. The wedding date is February 17. The lucky man is Lt. J. K. Pierson of the U.S.N.

Carolyn has been with Embry-Riddle for the past five months. Needless to say, we all will miss Carolyn for she always has so much pep. But again love has stepped in and we lose another. Our sincerest best wishes for you, Carolyn, and may every day be a beautiful one.

I called on the men at the Warehouse to give me some gossip, so they came thru' with this about Thelma Wells, the new Card Clerk member. Thelma is the fastest girl on the "come back" that they have ever seen.

The Stock Room at Tech is being moved around a little and they are in the "middle" but hope to be straightened out soon.

Must be on my way now.

I remain,

Your girl Friday.

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th

AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

DANCING FROM EIGHT

\$1.00 PER PERSON

Transportation Between the Coral Gables Bus Terminal and the Country Club will be provided.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook



"Cookie"

behind the men, is to be complimented for his endless endurance.

When the Lights Go On Again

It has been suggested that a fraction of the War Chest contributions go to the fund to have the lights turned on in Tom Moxley's new apartment.

The apartment is lovely — what one can see in the flickering candlelight. P. S. — Tom wishes all to know that they do have other modern conveniences, even tho you can't see them.

Whose is that quaint voice that answers the phone in the pilots' room with such greetings as: "This is the psychopathic ward" or "Wind Port, Breezy Speaking" or "Harbor of Lost Souls"?

The Life of Riley and Cook

Flight Instructor Gerry Cook is back with big stories of a vacation well spent; of hunting, fishin' plus the story about those turkeys walking down the highway.

We suggest that the next trip he bag us a couple of deers, (the four-legged variety) for an old time Bar-B-Que dinner.

Ted Hunter was certainly kept hustling Monday removing soot from the office walls, furniture and accessories such as Betty Ford and me.

The kerosene heater suddenly got off the beam and shot smoke, fire and all the old dirt that had accumulated over a period of years covering everything coverable.

We commend Mr. Hunter for his bravery and calmness shown while under fire.

Seven Days Leave

Jungle Jim Pollard, having just completed one cross-country course, tore himself away from the balance of his students to take a week's vacation.

Bill McGrath checked back in Monday after a short vacation and will try to get back down to this 8:00 a.m. six days a week stuff. Oh cruel world.

Congratulations to those happy creatures who all of a sudden find themselves licensed pilots. Take, for instance, beaming Helen Webster, a McDaniel speciality, who recently got her Instructors Rating, and Harold Wildman, Pan American Trainee who got his gadget rating Monday. Soon the Inspector will make Stu Brown just as happy, he hopes. And then there's Courtney.

Excerpts From That Wit, Thomas Francelia Moxley

The X-C gang are going to town minus poor ole Gardner who has had a relapse

of the mumps and is in the hospital. Speedy recovery, Henry.

We were very glad to see Bill Davis, our old painter, back in that very good-looking uniform. He stopped in Miami only long enough to see his friend Mr. Rollins and to take a quick look at the Field he helped to start. Lots of luck, Bill, wherever you may go.

Hank Faller, as you know, has a new offspring to be known as Theodore Henry Faller, who, quote Mrs. Faller, "Is going to play the piano," but you should see that right Waco Arm.

Not to be outdone, the Raymond Butler, Jr.'s had the stork deliver a baby girl, and Mrs. Narrow graciously named it Madelyne. Extra: Dave Narrow is going to get a hair cut Friday. (I do mean *A* hair cut.) All turn out for this great event.

Simon Legree

Every Sunday our Boss, Mr. Camden, gets a wild look in his eye. He must go out to the airport and chase that poor lil' Instructor, who works one Sunday out of twenty, up and down the runway with a long black whip.

This is one day that the Instructors share the woes of the Line Crew, the Maintenance Mechanics, the Clearance Officer, the Errand Boy and the Office Janitor. Besides these numerous duties, they manipulate flying machines when the occasion occurs. Long live these hardy lads.

INSTRUMENTALISMS

by Peggy Harrod and "Scoop" Setzer

Week before last we asked for some space in the Fly Paper. We not only got the space, but a title to boot. Thanks Ed.

We wonder if you stayed up nights to think that one up. We can't find it in the dictionary or in the TO's.

What's worrying us most is whether the *mentalism* means something mental or otherwise.

Ben Bright has joined our fold. He came over to keep Tiny Thornhill from getting lonesome while he guards our precious lives and possessions. Two fugitives from the chain-gang are now exchanging memos.

Horrible Thought

The Army's tongs have reached out for Dave Wike. He will be leaving this week. We dread to think what would happen if he is sent through AM school and gets to sit in on some of our classes.

We have a new addition in our department—a "Gripe Box." Hope it doesn't turn out to be like Pandora's box—full of bees.

The "Club Wizard" is forming in our department. Anyone with a bright idea or a useful invention may join. Niles Moren

HAVE YOU READ

The G-String Murders, by Gypsy Rose Lee, or her other book *Mother Finds a Body*?

Thorojare, by Christopher Morley? It was Morley's earlier book *Kitty Foyle* that gave the Embry-Riddle girls' club its name.

Reprisal, by Ethel Vance? A worthy successor to her previous thrilling novel *Escape*.

You will find them and other excellent reading entertainment in the Tech School Rental Library.

and Buck Setzer have some good ideas on how we can win this War.

All we can say is that it's a darn shame that they were left out of the Casablanca Parley.

Birthday wishes are in order for Marvin Duncan, Bob Kraft, and Hollis W. Andrews (Andy).

Our one and only Jim Troy is back from sick leave. It's a good thing too, because we were just before sending him a bouquet of artificial flowers.

Jim is our dramatist. His Apollo physique is now appearing in the National Instrument magazine. But you must really see him in action to appreciate his talents.

He can give you comedy, pathos, or drama, even when he tells you about a little shriveled bean in his Victory garden. We sure are glad to have him back. We need some good laughs.

The Passing Students

The boys bunking with Pvt. Lammlein are thankful for the arrival of Mary-Jean, an eleven pound bundle from Heaven. Congratulations, Papa. Now you might let your buddies sleep.

The boys will talk. The other day yours truly overheard a conversation among some of the students. These words still ring in my ears, "That's just a rumor, and you guys should stop a rumor as soon as it starts!" Good work, Pvt. Ross. We'd like to hear more talk like that.

Pvt. Nunis showed us a very nice write-up which appeared in a California paper. It told about the splendid feminine Instructors at Embry-Riddle.

What interested us most were the red-penciled words written across the top of the article in his wife's handwriting, "How is it that you've never mentioned *these* Instructors before?" Could be, could be a military secret.

A new rookie accidentally passed his captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "don't you see the kind of a uniform I'm wearing?"

"That's pretty nifty," answered the recruit, looking at the captain's immaculate uniform, "but look at the darn thing they gave me!"

WHITECAPS

by Johnny Carruthers, II

Hi, folks, I'm back again with a little more news. There isn't much, because this has been a rather uneventful week, but we'll make the best of it.

The ground school has been busier than the line for the past week, and it has really put Pauline Powell through the ropes. But, as usual, she comes out on top in the long run.

I have seen some of the results of Mrs. Powell's student's exams, and from what I saw of them, they looked better than average. She is really a credit to the Seaplane Base.

Remember Herm the Germ? Well, in his odd moments Herm made a wind tee to put on the piling in the channel. It has been completed and is now doing its bit for the students.

B-R-R-R



It took several "husky ones" to pitch Bob Colburn into the drink after his solo at the Seaplane Base.

It's really a help and is the best looking wind tee I have ever seen. Mounted on a Pratt and Whitney Master Bearing, it really rides smoothly. 'Tis just another piece of work to Herm, but to us it is another piece of evidence that shows how really good a mechanic Herm is.

Little Things Here and There

"Flop" Dunford and a different girl at the Paramount. "Flop" has a different girl with him every time I see him.

Pat Grant doing a little knitting on Steve's jacket. She's pretty handy with a needle, and I bet Steve is glad of that.

Mrs. Norton's daughter saying that the drill sergeant she saw was better looking than the Lone Ranger. Is it possible?

Arabelle and Gloria, ramp girls, waiting for lunch. They are the hungriest people ever. They never stop eating.

Jim Clarke and his toasts. The drinks were "cokes."

Did you know that Pat Grant has executive abilities? She didn't either, but that's what they tell her. A business woman in the making.

Paul Baker came down to the "outpost by the sea" on Tuesday and gave us a very

interesting talk on parachutes. Personally, we'd have to be thrown bodily from a plane, but should it be in the cards to be forced into the Caterpillar Club at least we know what we *should* do.

Paul explained why and how the rip pins should be checked, how a 'chute should be handled. He explained how a 'chute should be worn and the why and the wherefores of the various gadgets of that marvelous canopy of life saving silk. He made it quite clear as to why the harness of a 'chute should *fit*—strap burns might be serious and it would be quite disconcerting to *lose* the harness in mid-air!

Then he took us outside and gave a practical demonstration of the opening of the 'chute when the rip cord is pulled. There was only a slight breeze and those yards and yards of magnificent silk billowed out into a cloud-like canopy.

Hang On!

In spite of Paul's strength he had to really hold on, which did not deter most of the onlookers from trying.

Ruth Norton, our General Manager, held on valiantly and announced that it wasn't difficult, but when Pat Grant tried she insisted that Miss Norton hold on to *her* when she gripped the lines—she didn't want to join the Caterpillar Club in reverse.

Other onlookers were Lt. and Mrs. Estes, Jim Rittenhouse, Al McKesson, Marion Bertram, Jerry Westra, Mrs. Taudte, Pauline Baker, Steve Grant, Wain Fletcher and Mrs. Baker, who is about to become a licensed parachute rigger.

P. S.: Bill Waters was among the missing all day—'twas a boy—9 lbs., 13ozs! Congrats, Mr. and Mrs. Waters and company.

Wing Flutter

by Catherine W. Kerr

This week we have to start Monday off with plenty of noise. To begin with, they say that within a few days everything will be geared for the mass production of metal wings.

Engine Noises will then have to take a back seat in noise making. Between thirty or forty some odd Riveters and several Lathe machines all going at once, one will have to sit down and write himself a letter occasionally in order to keep his mind from cracking.

Our fabric workers turned out to be all around mechanics and can do plenty good with a Rivet gun. This week they revamped their whole costumes and we have some dillies now.

Even their coiffeurs have changed to up-swing styles with hair nets and bandanas. Sometimes you have to look twice to see

whether it is Mr. or Mrs. John Doe, but to date the fair sex still outnumbers the male sex.

Last week we had the pleasure of welcoming several new employees. Among us now we have Kenneth F. Manion, one of Embry-Riddle's former employees and Reynold J. MacDonald, also a former Riddle Employee. We are glad to welcome them to our community family.

Snow Bird

Betty Jane Schaufele has joined our staff of women Sheet Metal workers, and Betty is a migrating riveter who has migrated from the North. You ought to see our little snow bird.

Everything is changing very rapidly down here. Maxine Stevens is now in the Stock Room as M. T. Clements' clerk. Lucille Robinson, whom most of you know as Pat, is now a roving timekeeper. Pat is about 5 ft. nothing but she is mighty fast when it comes to getting around.

Glad to hear that Marie Betancourt is able to be around on crutches and hope that she will soon be able to be back to work and put the crutches on the shelf.

Word was received from our Departmental Timekeeper, Carroll Waggoner, that her mother is much improved and she will be able to return soon.

Slippery sam—remember the man who brought the Gremlin to Aircraft Overhaul? Well, he has discarded his Gremlin and is now going in for Safety 100%.

Rosie Riveters

Our Rosie Riveters are doing a fine job, and believe it or not we have already graduated four who can work on real riveting. Not bad—from seamstresses to riveters. That's more than you can say for the male sex.

And now for a little poem written by our stock chaser, Darlene Reis.

*Without you I'll be lonely dear
Without you I'll be sad.
But I am more than grateful for
The happiness we had
And I am mindful of the fact
That duty must be done
And nothing else can matter now
Til the race on earth is run
Then we shall be together, "love"
And live in dreams.
We shall have all our happiness
A thousand times again.*

Officer (very angry): "Not a man in this division will be given liberty this afternoon!"

Voice in Ranks: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

Boogie: "You tipped your hat to that lady. Do you know her?"

Woogie: "No, I don't. But this is my brother's hat I'm wearing, and he knows her."



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Johnny Potter, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Jimmy Wilkinson, Louise Roath, Associate Editors

The most difficult of all RAF expressions to explain is the phrase, "You've had it." It might best be compared to the American term, "You're out of luck."



For example, if you were supposed to catch a train at 6:10 and you arrived instead at 6:20, you've had it—or if you make a failing grade on an examination,

you've had that examination.

An airman's way of explaining the expression is to say, "If you haven't had something, then 'you've had it'; but if you have had something, then you haven't had it." Confusing . . . you "ain't kiddin'."

We Ask For It . . . And Got It

Our announcement the other week about a little action from those departments and Flights not satisfied with their Fly Paper coverage brought a response from the Timekeeping department and from Miss Louise Roath of the . . . Link department. (Is our face red.)

The Timekeeping item was unsigned but was quite appropriate. Lovely Louise said she wasn't pleased with the way we treated the Link guys and gals, and agreed to write a column for us about the Linkers. So we are adding Miss Roath as an Associate Editor and welcoming her to the staff.

The Missing Links

Over by the Infirmary, a little secluded from everything else, is the Link department. You seldom hear much of this department, other than from Cadets who seem to take an "unbelievable interest" in it.

We thought that (probably) you'd like to know just what goes on here from day to day. In fact, we've been wondering just why this department was never mentioned in those weekly issues of the Fly Paper. That is, until last week.

Did you read the article on the front page (column two, last paragraph) of the January 29th edition? See what I mean? Sort of "strikes home," so to speak, doesn't it?

In case you haven't been introduced to the fellows over here, now's your chance to meet them. Following is a list of the entire personnel of this department. First we have J. J. Obermeyer, Chief Link In-

structor, and his assistant, Lynwood D. Blount.

As First Officers, Roger Weeks, Jack Hopkins, William Read (better known as Bill), Douglas Day, Carl Ziler, Walter Blake, and A. W. (Jinx) Lyndon.

Those holding the title of Second Officer are Fred Allen, Neal Dwyer (just call him Yankee), Paul Badger, Raymond Christian, and Glen Davis. There you have it, and they're all nice chaps, too.

Evidently, the two gals you'll see as you enter the building are Julia and Louise, better known as "Iggie" and "Blondie." They dispatch the Students and do those odd jobs for Mr. Obermeyer and Mr. Blount.

It's surprising, you know, how the Cadets change their attitude toward this Link training. During their first few hours they have to be coaxed over to Link. They call it a "bind." Then about the end of the course we have them coming in and trying to arrange for a few extra hours.

One morning a couple of weeks ago, Cadet Stockton of Squadron No. 3, B Flight, reported back to the Dispatcher after being assigned to a Trainer and asked if the Dispatcher would please check his trainer. Upon doing so, the machine was found in a "critical condition."

Our Maintenance man, Jon Pullen, pulled it down for repairs and it must have been scattered in hundreds, even thousands, of pieces all over the room. The Cadet, with a most pleased expression, made the remark that "someone has finally done to this thing what I've so wanted to do."

Here and There

Course 12, after taking two soccer trimmings from Course 13, saved face last week by hanging it on the freshmen in a rugby game, 24 to 6.

Pvt. Harvey Poole, former chef at the Canteen, has written friends here advising them that he is taking training at the Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute in Glendale, Calif. Harvey also states that he is getting his Fly Paper each week and enjoys it.

Assistant Flight Commander Gene Rehard and Miss Jean Bullock were married at the Methodist Church in West Palm Beach on January 30. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Rehard.

The Listening Out edition of Course No. 10 will make its appearance next week.

In addition to the Hospital staff at the Infirmary, which we published several weeks ago, the following Army Air Corps men are assisting Captain Persinger in the Administration building: S/Sgts. La Flower, Kinmon, and Sterlin. 1st Lt. Sismondo is in charge of the Air Depot Detachment.

Crack of the Week—Said Mrs. Charles Thomas, wife of Aviation Cadet Charlie Thomas, Course 13, as she entered the bus at Riddle Field after leaving hubby, "Oh, I didn't give him any money." Says her lady companion, "Well, he didn't ask you for any, did he?" "No," replied Mrs. Thomas, "but that's unusual."

Thoughts for the Week—Beware the man who taketh off without looking about him. Verily I say his days are numbered.

Incur not the wrath of the Commander by ignoring the rules of the course, for thou shalt be cast into outer darkness and despised forever.

MAN OF THE WEEK

The new Commanding Officer of No. 5 BFTS, Wing Commander George Greaves, is our Man of this Week.

Mr. Greaves was born in South Russia on June 17, 1906. He was captured by the Germans at the ripe age of 13 and spent six months in a Jerry prison camp. Upon his release in 1919, he went to England and completed his education at Sheffield



Wing Commander George Greaves

University, after having attended Oundle School.

Our new C.O. was with a Grinding Wheel company in England before becoming attached to the RAF Auxiliary Air Force in 1933. He went on active duty shortly prior to the beginning of the War, and when the conflict started, he went on duty with a fighter Squadron of Hurricanes.

After nine months of operations, he joined a fighter operational unit flying Hurricanes and Spitfires.

In September, 1941, Greaves came to the United States to work with the British Flying Training Schools here. His first duty was RAF Chief Supervisor for three American Volunteer Refresher schools. The grad-



Pat McGehee, Advanced Instructor
and Associate Editor

uates of these schools later made up the famous "Eagle Squadron."

Next, W/C Greaves was transferred to No. 2 BFTS as Commanding Officer, this station being located at Lancaster, Calif. He was there for 14 months before coming to this station a week or so ago.

He is the third Commanding Officer at this Post, Wing Commanders K. J. Ramping, and T. O. Prickett having previously been stationed here.

George Greaves is married and is the very proud father of a two-year-old son.

We welcome you to Riddle Field, Wing Commander Greaves, and hope you'll enjoy your stay with us.

"HOPPY" DELVES INTO THE FLY PAPER FILES

Since the Fly Paper is a little over two years old, we think we can initiate a "From Our Files" column. This column will deal with the news about Riddle Field folks that happened one year previous. Since the Fly Paper is past its second birthday, we'll take a couple of weeks to get us "one year behind," so here we start:

March 31, 1941—Bob Johnston is Municipal Airport Land Division Associate Editor—Scotty McLashlan waiting around for the new Apprentice Instructor course to start.

Investigation Demanded—At the insistence of local citizens, the C.A.A. and Hialeah Police department there will probably be an investigation of the charge that Flight Instructor James Cousins was seen flying

too low over LeJeune Road, and that he did, further, attempt a left snap-roll under the prescribed altitude—in his nice new Buick convertible coupe.

"It's a lie," shouted Cousins, "I was going only 25 or 30 miles an hour because the road was wet, and . . ."

In any event, regardless of what he did to his car, Jimmy was plenty lucky to walk away from that one without a scratch. To protect him from repeating his mistakes, it has been suggested that he wear a string tied to his right hand when driving and a string tied on the left hand when flying. Such stuff!

May 19, 1941—Matson O'Neal bowls games of 97-167-113 for Pilots bowling team—Mort Feldman, Embry-Riddle line Maintenance Mechanic, visited Carlstrom Field over the week-end—What happened to Johnny Cockrill the other night when he was supposed to have O.D. duty?

June 30, 1941—Joe Garcia's bowling scores for the Pilots' team were 127-138-117—Maston O'Neal makes first flight in Advanced ship—And we hear Flight Instructor Bob Johnston raising merry H—!

July 22, 1941—G. Willis Tyson arrived at Carlstrom from Miami and is made Flight Commander, with Fred Hunziker his assistant.

August 5, 1941—Class 1, BFTS is a separate unit at Carlstrom Field—The Unit is under the guidance of G. Willis Tyson and the Instructors assigned are Cockrill, Lehman, Smith, Edmonson, Touchtin, Petach, Piurek, Granere and Frugoli. Fred Hunziker is Assistant.

Around the Post, these boys are affectionately known as "rebels"—Add members of the Rollins College Club—Bob Walker.

Issue of August 12—*Now We Can Tell It*—Riddle Field at Clewiston to be the newest Embry-Riddle flight division. To be a British training center with G. W. Tyson as General Manager. Architect Steve Zachar and Contractor Frank Wheeler are busy again.

H. Roscoe Brinton, Jr., son of H. Roscoe Brinton, Sr., Stage Commander at Carlstrom Field, is a new Primary Flight Instructor at Municipal Base.

And that's all from our files this week. Next week we'll catch up to exactly a year ago and continue from there.

JUST TIMEKEEPING

Don't be surprised if when passing the Timekeeper's door, you hear someone shout an order, "Ham 'n eggs," or the more bold ones, "Coffee 'n cream." Why—because a counter has been installed for the convenience of the Cadets. Someone asks—to keep them out or to keep us in?

Sally—you know Sally—she's the "little bit" with freckles on her nose and a song in her heart—says that they are crowding all the offices, and she ought to know.

How are we going to rid the Field of those Gremlins? Every night we lock the files, put our books in a cabinet, but yet,



Sgt. "Sunshine" Chappell, Armaments Instructor

when we return to our work next morning we find that one hundred hours are missing from our books or that fifty hours have been added some place. So don't always blame the Timekeepers if your time is found incorrect.

Program . . . The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

Feature Picture

"MAN OF AFFAIRS"
with George Arliss

Monday, February 15th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, February 16th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, February 17th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, February 18th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture

"BALLOT BLACKMAIL"
with Joan Woodbury, Jack La Rue,
Linda Ware, and John Archer

Thursday, February 18th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, February 19th
DORR FIELD

Monday, February 22nd
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

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VALENTINE PARTY!

Given by Co-Pilots Club at Instructors Club on Saturday, February 13, 1943.

For all Instructors, Wives, and Dates, 9:00 p.m. Admission: 25c per person.

ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

It is always a surprise to us that they print the stuff we send in—but, since they do, here goes with more chatter from your foreign correspondent 'way out back in Engine Overhaul.

Women are playing an increasingly important part in our Engine Overhaul department. Ola Mae Godfrey, one of our newest employees, is the first woman to join our Disassembly department, heretofore predominated by members of the male sex. Ditto for Rubye Beale, who has crashed the portals of the Final Inspection and Treating department. More power to you, girls. You are helping to "Keep 'em Flying."

We don't know who to thank for the new parking lot across the street from our shop, but it is just what the doctor ordered. The tire doctor, we mean. No more broken bottles in precious rubber, no more bumpers projecting on 32nd Street. A vote of thanks to our benefactors.

The weather turned cold again, which provides, as always, a topic of conversation. These cold mornings we come to work thankful that we're not in Russia with icicles in our eyebrows.

Shop glimpses this week provide pictures and sounds and smells typical of Engine Overhaul: The whiff of ammonia we get

here in the office occasionally from the Cleaning department—reminds the girls of the last permanent they had; long-legged Jack Hale swinging along on some of his errands as Chief Inspector.

Paul Meiners talking earnestly to Charles Grafflin; Mr. Grafflin talking earnestly, with gestures, to Mr. Meiners.

Bill Twitchell whistling "Alice Blue Gown"; Johnny Adams looking like a prehistoric animal in his sandblaster's outfit. Sam Constance and Ted Kunkel over in a corner talking magnetos and starters.

The hot, stuffy smell of the big paint oven; the high descending whistle of the starter torque stand—sounds like a bomb coming down from an airplane; Becky Crocker practically standing on her head to paint oil lines on engines hot off the Assembly line; Charlie Hayes carolling hymns.

The "Eternal Triangle" with a new twist: Mr. Horton, Mr. Foote, and Mr. Nelson. These three carry out their intertwining duties with ease and assurance, while we on the sidelines can't see where one's duties leave off and the other's begin. S'help me, Hannah!

More birthdays for February! Eleanore Swan celebrates hers this month, also Harry Brown, daytime Guard at Gate 4. "Shang,"

OLD ONE TOO

When you change your mailing address, please send us your *former* address in addition to the new one.

our beautiful mascot, was also born in February, and Harry assures me that they are going to have a bang-up celebration for all three birthdays. "Shang" is only 24-hour 7-day-a-week Guard we have.

Rubye Green is running the cylinder grinder now. This is a highly important job and is precision work at its best.

That cute little gal you fellows have been ogling for the past two weeks is Polly Fowler, new A & E Division runner. She says she's engaged, but we all know a pretty girl isn't hooked until she's strolling up the aisle to the strains of *Lohengrin*. Or is it *Mendelssohn*?

Orchids to Warren Sanchez and his Engine system. Those in the know say that it is uncanny to watch Warren change engines from engine stand to Ford truck to test stand and back.

He and the test stand crew have the system running so smoothly it is a pleasure to watch them. Record time for the whole process is fifteen minutes; for the operation at the test stands, five minutes. Smooth work, boys!

So be it. Adios, au revoir, and cheerio.

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



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